And what ſhall I doe then? Ile bring a beavy,
A hundred blacke eyd Maides, that love as I doe
With Chaplets on their heads of Daffadillies,
With cherry-lips, and cheekes of Damaske Roſes,
And all wee'l daunce an Antique fore the Duke,
And beg his pardon; Then ſhe talk'd of you Sir;
That you muſt looſe your head to morrow morning,
And ſhe muſt gather flowers to bury you,
And ſee the houſe made handſome, then ſhe ſung
Nothing but Willow, willow, willow, and betweene
Ever was, *Palamon*, faire *Palamon*,
And *Palamon*, was a tall yong man. The place
Was knee deepe where ſhe ſat; her careles Treſſes,
A wreake of bull-ruſh rounded; about her ſtucke
Thouſand freſh water flowers of ſeverall cullors.
That me thought ſhe appeard like the faire Nimph
That feedes the lake with waters, or as Iris
Newly dropt downe from heaven; Rings ſhe made
Of ruſhes that grew by, and to 'em ſpoke
The prettieſt poſies: Thus our true love's tide,
This you may looſe, not me, and many a one:
And then ſhe wept, and ſung againe, and ſigh'd,
And with the ſame breath ſmil'd, and kiſt her hand.

2. *Fr.* Alas what pitty it is?

Wooer. I made in to her.
She ſaw me, and ſtraight ſought the flood, I ſav'd her,
And ſet her ſafe to land: when preſently
She ſlipt away, and to the Citty made,
With ſuch a cry, and ſwiftnes, that beleeve me
Shee left me farre behinde her; three, or foure,
I ſaw from farre off croſſe her, one of 'em
I knew to be your brother, where ſhe ſtaid,
And fell, ſcarce to be got away: I left them with her.

Enter Brother, Daughter, and others.

And hether came to tell you: Here they are.

Daugh. *May you never more enjoy the light, &c.*
Is not this a fine Song?

Bro. O a very fine one.

Daugh.

Daugh. I can ſing twenty mo
Bro. I thinke you can,
Daugh. Yes truely can I, I ca
And Bony Robin. Are not you
Bro. Yes,
Daugh. Wher's my wedd
Bro. Ile bring it to morrow
Daugh. Doe, very rarely, I n
To call the Maides, and pay th
For I muſt looſe my Mayden
Twill never thrive elſe.
O faire, oh ſweete, &c.
Bro. You muſt ev'n take it
Iay. Tis true,
Daugh. Good'ev'n, good m
Of one yong *Palamon*?
Iay. Yes wench we know h
Daugh. Is't not a fine yong
Iay. Tis, Love.
Bro. By no meane croſſe he
For worſe then now ſhe ſhow
1. *Fr.* Yes, he's a fine man
Daugh. O, is he ſo? you ha
1. *Fr.* Yes.
Daugh. But ſhe ſhall neve
For a tricke that I know, y'h
For if ſhe ſee him once, ſhe's
And undon in an howre. Al
Of our Towne are in love wi
And let 'em all alone, Is't not
1. *Fr.* Yes.
Daugh. There is at leaſt tw
There muſt be fowre; yet I
Cloſe as a Cockle; and all th
He has the tricke on't, and a
They muſt be all gelt for M
And ſing the wars of *Theſe*
2. *Fr.* This is ſtrange.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Two Noble Kinsman* (STC 11075) LONDON, 1634 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY